4/25/69

Dear Cindy,

Your letters of Saturday and Monday both arrived today. Many thanks for locating John Filger for me. We spent some time together in Dallas last November, when I blew Jesse Curry's mind for him, and in New Orleans, where I helped him with a story.

As of now, while I appreciate your offer to scan the papers for me, I do not think it an essential project. What I wrote you about is much more important. When I hadve completed the addition to a book for which I want that information, I will tell you what it means. Until then, I will not burden you to keep a secret. Never easy.

You do not mention his name, but I deduce the publisher who is about to go out of business (owing me money) is Peter Dawney. He has become interested in the assassination, through Joesten, who is wretchedly dishonest and irresponsible, whose books are trash and did not deserve to sell. What Joesten has done is take the work of others, weave libellous theories around them, and write his fabrications as fact. He is the one man in the world who could (and did) libel the Dallas police. Yet I am sorry Dawney failed. Before becoming a publisher he had a good reputation. The stuff he brought out had to impair that.

Your CIA friend, if he believes Manchester, will believe anything. If they give Pulitzer Prizes for inaccuracy, he'll have no competition.

Separately I'm sending you two more copies of WHITEWASH, with no charge. They are inadequate payment for your kindness, sweetness, willingness and your help. I doubt Dawney needs another copy, though.

I remember the quote you used. Fine fellow who got so disgusted he quit the company for which he was working. And it was run by a man I had known well and worked with some years ago. But let me suggest that good writing is not entirely by the writer. Some of it is in the reader. It is like beauty, in the eye of the beholder. Most of the intellectuals are horrified at my bluntness, at my anger and passion. Ordinary, decent people whose minds and perspective are not warped by the artificialities of the modern intellectual community dig this, but the effete big minds with the jellyfish skeletons think it is terrible to say exactly what you think and not to understate tremenduously. I responded, in part, in the epilogue to WHITEWASH II. But let me explain the other side: my writing would be much improved by editing (I feel I cannot take the time from further writing and investigating). Were I calm some of the times I blow I'd be more effective with the finks and no less acceptable to the redbloods. The problem is I write under an overfull head of steam, keep going like a self-feeding atomic pile, and get so wrapped up in anger, disgust and other very strong feelings that, were I to try and cool it as I write it, I'd slow down too much. That is where an editor comes in (for most writers, not for me - I cannot pay one and I have no publisher, who usually supplies this). Only on such a subject can writing of this emotional content be justified. Everybody conforms today, and that makes me more conspicuous. For the most part, conformity helps bring success. Many thanks,